2:Lowie E-4 (no date) 1946 SP8 Bororo SP8

lack this characteristic structure, and even they have as its functional only the Cabocass
equivalent an enclosed space taboo to women and children.

Among the *Eastern Bororo* the northern and southern halves of the village circle are associated each with one of the moieties and their constituent clans. At Kejara a second principle of dual division appears: besides the axis that separates the northern from the southern moiety there is another perpendicular to the Vermelho River, creating an Upstream and a Downstream half. Here tradition alleges the pristine existence of several concentric house circles, with residences of the same clan behind one another.

The family house type, though always palm-thatched, differs according to the time of year. During the dry season it is of conical shape and erected with a central pole or tree against which other poles lean. In the frame put up for the rainy season, a crossbeam supporting other poles rests on two forked sticks (pls. 83, *bottom;* 84); generally this hut rises directly from the ground, but occasionally it is put on piles. The erection of the residence is a man's duty.

The women within a house belong to the same clan, each family having its own fire, so that every newly married girl acquires a separate fireplace. The furniture includes mats to sit and sleep on, for even outdoors these Indians avoid resting on the bare ground, over which they spread palm leaves or the branches of a tree. However, there are also platform beds rising about 12 to 16 inches (30 to 40 cm.) above the ground and covered with a layer of palm-leaf stems. Mats or skins serve as blankets. Hammocks are unknown.

A hut contains pots, spits for roasting, rocks for breaking hard seeds, spindles, and bivalve shells used as spoons and scissors. A mother will put her baby in the central concavity of a mat suspended by four cords from opposite sides, a fifth enabling the woman to rock her infant while she is attending to her chores. In some huts a stage 2 feet 6 inches to 3 feet 6 inches (0.8 to 1 m.) in height serves for roasting fish.

How far the *Western Bororo* mode of settlement conformed to the pattern described is not clear. Koslowsky (1895 b) merely speaks of a Bolivian aldea of some 20 huts with palm-thatched walls and roofs and a mat for the entrance.

DRESS AND ORNAMENTS

Children go naked. When initiated, a youth acquires a penis sheath, being thus qualified to witness the masquerades customary at funerals. On festive occasions, a decorative pennant is attached to the sheath. Men generally wear a girdle with shell disks, also a necklace of cotton thread, a bone pin in the lower lip, and ear ornaments. The hair is cut horizontally in front (pls. 90, *bottom;* 91); combs are made of bamboo rods held together by cotton plaitwork with designs. Body hair is plucked from the beard, the eyebrows, the pubic region, and the armpits. Women wear a gray perineal band,

[Bororo da Campanha]

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space, a courtyard where the group meets whenever there is anything to discuss or celebrate.

Its inhabitants were miserably poor, not having even manioc farina to offer us, so that we had to await the arrival of our ox cart, which had been left behind, to bring mate, a steer, coffee, and other foods. Our arrival was attended with a slight attempt at some ceremony, but after shaking hands with almost all of the villagers, the reception was over. Listlessness and evident ignorance of how to receive us were the main characteristics, although it was insisted that we sit down, a custom which I found to be prevalent in every group that I visited subsequently.

While waiting for the cart we took the opportunity of looking about. The huts were made of a skeleton of poles covered with burity palm leaves, which in the front of the house were placed vertically, with the leaflets interlaced. They were of a rectangular ground plan, with a true wall, about fifteen feet high. No hammocks were seen, the people sleeping either on the ground or on raised platforms, wooden frames having straps of leather to take the place of a mattress. The huts contained no further furniture. Each family had its own hut.

It was learned that only one woman of the village knew how to make pottery, but that none had been made for many years. In fact, no industry whatsoever has survived, not even the making of feather ornaments.

The bow and arrow has given place to the gun, of which there were several in the village. Acculturation has indeed gone far, the language being almost forgotten even by the older people.

After the arrival of the cart and the distribution of the food was over, they gathered by a fire in front of the headman's hut in two circles, one for the men and one for the women. We were invited to sit with the men. When all was ready, the headman began to sing to the accompaniment of two gourd rattles, which he shook, one with an up-and-down motion and the other both horizontally and vertically with a different rhythm. In turn, his song was taken up by each man. Sometimes the women and the other men would join in a soft chorus. At times, led by the oldest woman in the tribe, the women would suddenly stand up and begin hopping, holding the legs together stiffly, the arms sideward but horizontally, and, with the hopping, leaning first to one side and then the other. This was enjoyed by them, especially by the older women. Several times chicha was passed around. Undoubtedly the song and dance

7:Cook M-3 (1900-1901) 1907
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room, the town hall where most public functions occur, and the club where visitors are received and entertained. The baehytu of the Ta-Dare-Mano Paro village is about 50 by 30 feet and 18 or 20 feet in height. The ridge-pole rests on three tall posts, and shorter posts support the principals. To the rafters and to the wall posts are tied a few bamboo poles, and upon these are bound, rather sparingly, long palm branches with tongue-like leaves to keep out most of the rain, the wind, and sun. It is entered through an opening at each end, like a hole in a haystack, and within is always damp, gloomy, and foul smelling. The family huts, built of the same material, are mostly like a roof resting on the ground and strongly resemble an old haystack with a hole eaten in each end, though occasionally the hut is raised a little and woven palm-branch tongues form a basket-like wall. Deep gloom reigns within these huts. They are made dark that they may be free from flies, and are dens of rubbish and filth. Stuck into the roof are bows and bundles of arrows, war clubs, fishing gear, and instruments and ornaments not in use at the moment. The occupants of this human lair are sprawled on a palm-leaf rug, with a log of wood four inches in diameter for a pillow, and sleeping, or gnawing an ear of corn, a bit of fish or vegetable, or sitting tailor fashion, making beads, arrows, or other objects, or kneeling by the little fire preparing food. When the filth becomes unbearable or disease is prevalent, they do not trouble to clean house, but simply abandon and burn the old and build a new one on a clean spot. Usually the entire village moves to a new place some distance away.

Two families nearly always occupy one hut, and sometimes three or four, or even five. Each family has its camp-fire, which, however, is very small, since the gathering of firewood costs the women much labor. Just over the fire and about two feet above the ground is a small wooden rack where fish and meat and vegetables are roasted or baked. About five feet above the fire is a second and quite large rack, the family pantry, where perishable food is preserved by the smoke of the fire below. Each family or individual has its mattress or rug of long woven palm leaves, and each one a pillow made by binding a small roll of green banana stalks or a length of wood three or four inches thick.

A day or so after our arrival a child of seven or eight years belonging to one of the leading families died. This gave us an opportunity to witness a strange ceremony.

A loud, deep, prolonged hee-aw, ho-o, ah-ah, was bellowed by a quartette of naked, painted, and feathered savages, squatting

7:Cook M-3 (1900-1901) 1907
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524 keep the lead. As they entered the village one wheel burst through the side of a hut. Finally both parties threw down their wheels in the public square at nearly the same moment, greeted by the applause of the whole village. They now all retired to partake of their [352] evening feast and left the wheels to be torn apart by the women and children for use as pillows. A feast always ends the game, each party eating separately.

224 226 533 When about to go on a fishing trip, especially when fish are scarce, or on a hunting expedition, they sing the bakaroro, which seems to be a hymn in praise of the beast or fish that is to be hunted the next day. It is sung within the baehytu after nightfall and several times a week when food is scarce. The good qualities of the animal are named, and how well it will be treated and the use that will be made of it when taken. In this anthem, the man again exhibits his imitative qualities by attempting to reproduce the animal sounds which he has been most accustomed to hear. Frogs and toads are especially favored. While visiting the Kogy ao Paro village, about twenty miles away, we spent a night in the baehytu, and listened to the bakaroro at close quarters. The din, the darkness broken only by the red light of the fire that cooked our beef, the stagnant air, the noise of this squad of human beings reproducing the sound of everything that dwells thereabouts, made one imagine that he had passed from the earthly to the unearthly. [532] After the bakaroro, the singers went outside the baehytu, and having cleared away the black earth, brought ashes and made animals in relief on the ground, especially the tapir which they were to hunt next day. This is also a tribute of honor to the animals. They also sing the bakaroro in honor of a visitor. As they had seen men hunting on horses and admired this method, they formed a horse in relief with a man mounted on it.

462 It is always the man (mêdo, from meri, the sun) who does the light work, while the woman (arêda, from are, the moon) is the beast of burden. She it is who must provide food for the family. Her lord may go fishing or hunting, and if he brings home something, well and good, but if not, he expects to find food on returning to his hut.

582 583 There appears to be no regular marriage ceremony among them. The girl is betrothed before reaching the age of eight or ten, and married at from ten to fourteen or even younger. She becomes betrothed by her would-be husband presenting to her parents a specially fine fish, or some animal whose flesh is much esteemed, he of course having made known in some way what he wishes in re-

8:Cook M-3 (1900-1901) 1909
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from fruits and vegetables, besides chips and other débris from weapon and ornament making. Like infants, they simply drop, wherever they happen to be, such parts of the food they are eating as they do not want.

There is no household furniture, as we understand it, in these primitive residences. Mats, made by braiding together the long, slender leaves of palm-branches, are spread upon the ground to serve as beds, tables, chairs, and sofas. Calabash and gourd shells of various shapes and sizes, and large, oyster-like shells, found in the woods, are the pans, basins, bowls, bottles, cups, plates and spoons, furnished by Nature, ready for use. A few clay pots are the only vessels the Bororó have which are made by their own hands. The "stove" is a light fire made by placing the ends of small sticks together like spokes of a wheel. The "pantry" is a little platform of sticks five feet directly above the fire, supported by four stakes, upon which is placed the food that cannot be eaten at once in order that it may be preserved by the smoke. Palm-nuts are also heaped up here. Stuck around in the roof and hanging from it, are seen the primitive weapons of war and of the chase, such as bows and various kinds of spear-like arrows, fishing gear, several kinds of small, home-made baskets, feather and bone ornaments, charms, and ceremonial paraphernalia. The primitive housekeeper is seen squatting or kneeling, engaged in the preparation of some insipid broth in a clay pot over the little fire, or else splitting goose-egg cocoanuts and pulverizing the meats in a rude mortar with which to make a kind of bread. The head of the household kneels, or sits cross-legged, on a palm-leaf mat occupied in making bows and arrows or ornaments, or repairing fishing-tackle; or else lying full-length on his mat with a five-inch pole for a pillow, on which the neck rests, and nibbling a bit of jungle food; while the children are seen, either assisting the mother in her culinary operations, or amusing themselves in a quiet way just outside the hut. Not a patch of "dry goods" has ever entered this human

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Nagarêda man, with much ostentation and politeness, now steps quickly over to the *Sheraidi* group, grasps a man by the wrist, trots him around his wheel, then stops in front of it, announcing by this act that the wheel is delivered to the team that is to run with it. A *Sheraidi* promptly returns the compliment by stepping gravely over to the *To Nagarêda* group and repeating the ceremony. Each man who has now been presented to his wheel and his wheel to him, politely introduces to his wheel, one by one, in the same manner, all the men of his team until each squad of human ants surrounds its own big worm. 526 616

The signal to begin the race being given, each team instantly seized its wheel and ran, pell-mell, yelling wildly, in a mad race for the village. The spectacle suggested strongly a swarm of ants that had seized a huge living worm and were running frantically with it for their dark galleries. Each team tried to maintain its wheel in an upright position, but it took a sag this way and a lurch that way, then finally rolled over onto the running, tumbling, squirming mass and fell to the ground. But picking it up again instantly, they rushed on, headlong, some under it, some on it, some dragging it, while others were being dragged, and all emitting continuously a dull, maniacal roar. Sometimes one team was in the lead, sometimes the other. As they rushed into the savage city through a narrow *alley* between two *private residences*, one of the wheels took a lurch and burst through the wall of one of the residences into the *sitting-room*. At last, both teams threw down their rolls at the same moment in the *public square* near the great hut, amid the acclamations of the entire city. All the contestants now hastened into the great hut to enjoy a savage banquet, leaving their wheels to the women and children, who fell upon them in swarms and began, excitedly, to pull out the *mano* in order to tie it into small bundles for use as pillows. 526 [361] [345] [352]

The Bororó imitate Nature also in their musical festivals—if one may call this medley of wild, discordant sounds music. They sing what they call the *bakororó* in the savage town hall nearly every evening just after nightfall. 533 [512] [345]

/455 cont./

517 him over, but he was lifted up and lost. Small fires were burning
[352] alongside the house. The men were lying in a row, one beside
the other, their heads resting on chunks of wood, to sleep out
there; they were chatting and biting stalks of sugar cane with
their teeth, tossing the remains in an arc behind them. They
were very much amused when I squatted down beside the fire
and wrote down their words. At small fires to one side women
were sleeping with their husbands; children were still running
around gaily late in the night and romping across the plaza.

648 /456/ Meat distribution. 26 March. An efficient administra-
tion would find an excellent means of getting the Indians accus-
tomed to order by the manner of its food distribution. But no one
thinks of fair equality, either in rations or in other things. Every-
thing is arbitrary. The crude scene at the distribution of the
tapíra, the ox, about two of which are slaughtered weekly and
which represent a cheap food in the Mato Grosso, defies all
description. The Brazilians could hardly make things easier for
themselves. The pieces of meat and chopped bones are piled up
in layers on top of one another in a great heap on a skin in front
of the house; the Indians, men and women and older children,
some of them armed with baskets, stand waiting to one side, one
of the cadets gives the signal, and the whole crowd pounces on
the meat and bones like a pack of wolves. It was such a disgust-
ing sight that I lost my sense of humor, although a circle of on-
lookers regarded the spectacle with a certain enjoyment. Espe-
[732] cially the idiot Dyapokuri, a cretin type, attracted general
attention; with animal savagery the imbecile, the deputy of
the men's house, seized three huge pieces and, with grunts of
triumph, dragged them away with shining eyes while the spittle
ran down his hanging lower jaw. If this were nothing but a crude
occasional joke, but no, it is the regular, local procedure. The
[756] Indian is thereby reduced to conditions which in his hunting life
[626] he overcame ages ago; for it is one of the chief purposes of the
institution of the barí or medicine men (as we shall see) to pre-
vent discord in the distribution of booty, a problem which the
latter, it is true, solve by securing the best pieces for themselves.

/503 cont./

627 Occasional thefts were investigated with much noise, but without result. The chiefs or older persons ran around everywhere; long speeches were made on the open plaza. This happened once when Ehrenreich lost a fine knife. They went from [411] hut to hut, everyone had to show their knives, and we saw, to our surprise, that there were quantities of them (we counted 21 in one woman's possession). In the end, however, it was always said that the object had been hidden in the forest.

844 Birth; names. The woman gives birth in the forest, leaning against "pae," the "father," is what I wrote down, and I do not know whether it ought not to be "pao," against the "tree." The eyes of the child are assiduously blown upon; the father cuts the umbilical cord with a bamboo splinter and puts on a string.
846 The father and mother eat nothing for two days; on the third they may take only a little warm water. If the man should eat, [844] he and the child would fall ill. The afterbirth is buried in the [515] forest. Until the return of menstruation the woman may not bathe; then, however, and throughout these days it is done
847 diligently. Abortions with the help of internal remedies are said to be frequent, especially on the part of the ranchão women. If
853 the mothers no longer wish to nurse, they squeeze out their breasts and "dry the milk over the fire, whereupon it stops."
757 Medicine for sick children, which was prepared by the apothecary, was taken by the fathers. On the couvade, cf. pages 391 ff.
846 352 The subsidiary question, whether the father lies in the hammock, is automatically answered in the case of the Bororó, for they have none and yet practice the couvade.

553 The boy is given a name soon after birth when the lower lip [304] is pierced, cf. page 592, which, by the way, may be done by persons other than the medicine man. The person performing the operation inquires, someone proposes a name, and it is adopted. Girls were also named soon after birth by relatives.
551 The names were those of animals and plants; Moguyokuri was said to be an animal related to the agutí.